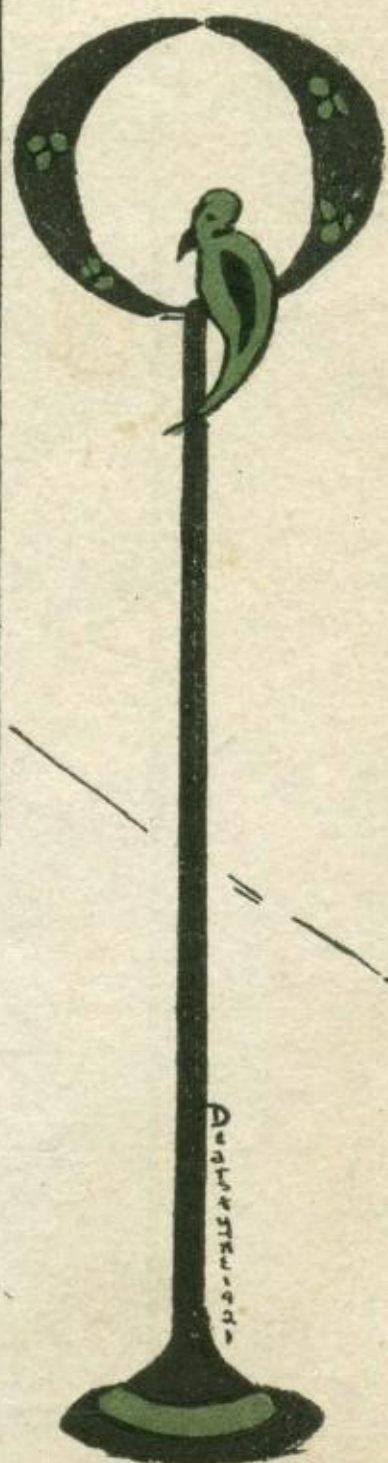


THE RED AND BLACK



Sarah L. Mc Echron.

Boston Store

139-141 Glen Street

Glens Falls, N. Y.

Established 37 Years



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A late **Book of Fiction**. A leather **Traveling Bag**.

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BASKET BALL TEAM—1920-21

The Red and Black

Volume III

Number 1

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Glens Falls, New York

June, 1921

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CLASS POEM

We stand upon the highway of new life
That stretches where the setting of the sun
In all its glowing colors means the end
Of earthly journeys and in radiant light
Foretells eternity. We ponder thus
On life's great mysteries and hesitant stand,
Reluctant to leave childhood's happy hours,
Yet eager for that great adventure—life.
The road is edged with sweet and lowly blossoms
Which symbolize the joys of our existence,
The joys of service to the ones we love.
Deep in the thicket from the roadside's edge,
Flamboyant, brilliant, dazzling in their hue,
Appear those flowers which lure us from the road
And seek to tempt us from our lofty aim,
Unholy joys which on this broad highway,
Assail the hearts of all who travel hence.
Still in our consciousness will always linger
The goal of all our greatest dreams—success.
For some 'twill mean the praise of fellowmen,
For others, just a fireside, faith and love;
But may we see emblazoned in life's sunset,
"He glanced aside—but did not lose his way."

Kathryn Eddy.

SENIOR EDITORIAL

Commencement will soon bring to a close the High School career of the Class of 1921. Throughout the last four years we have been preparing almost unconsciously for this day, but now that our work is nearly completed, we more vividly realize the immense value that this preparation has been to us, and regret that more has not been made of the opportunities presented to us for our help. From the disorganized ranks of Freshmen we have gradually advanced until we are now a united class, closely bound together by friendship, and devotion to our class and school.

It is our good fortune to have been born at such a time that we have been able to witness the greatest war in history, and to have had a part, during our early days in High School, in bringing it to a successful close. It is now our duty to conscientiously do all that we can in the solving of the many problems attendant upon reconstruction.

The class has always taken an active interest in athletics. Individually, several of our members have held positions on the basket ball court, the gridiron, the diamond and the track. Collectively, we have supported the Athletic Association by our membership, and have handed over to them the proceeds from our two entertainments, the annual public speaking contest and our Senior play, "The Merchant of Venice."

The class has fostered one new project, a school magazine. "The Iroquois" is not wholly a Senior production, but the Senior influence has been predominant.

We of the Class of 1921 have done our best to make an eminent record and it is hoped that it is such that it will be looked up to in the future, and that the good reputation of the school may be better for our having been in it. Whatever the future may have in store for us, may we always remain true to our Alma Mater.

SENIORS

THE CLASS OF 1921

Colors

GREEN and BLACK

President	Robert Cashion
Vice President	Estelle Dearstyne
Secretary	Genevieve Bazinet
Treasurer	Harold Austin
Class Poet	Kathryn Eddy
Diary of O. U. Senyur	Arthur Cowdery
Class Historians	Harold Austin, Gordon Partridge, Bloomfield Russell
Class Prophetess	Kathryn Eddy
Class Optimist	Bethenia McCreery
Class Pessimist	Harold Lambertson
Class Gifts	Estelle Dearstyne, Dorothy Dickinson, Mary Wilson
Class Alphabet	Genevieve Bazinet

ROSE ALTER—"Ro."

Valedictorian; "Merchant of Venice" IV;
"Madam Butterfly" IV; A. A. I, II, III,
IV.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

MATILDA ATIYEH—"Tillie," "Mat."

Public Speaking IV; Volley Ball II, III, IV;
A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"I cannot tell what the dickens her name
is."

WILLIAM HAROLD AUSTIN—"Austy."

Senior Class Treasurer; Commencement
Speaker; Business Manager "Red and
Black" IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Bas-
ket Ball IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

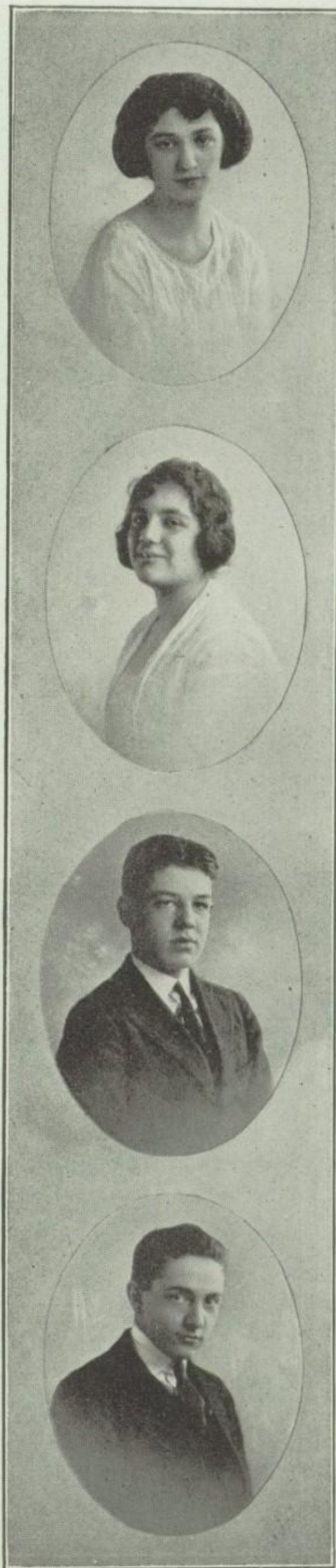
"On with the dance! let joy be uncon-
fined."

—Byron.

GORDON S. BARNUM—"Gord."

Public Speaking IV; Business Manager
"Iroquois" IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV;
"Lincoln" IV; Glee Club IV; A. A. I, II,
III, IV.

"Nowhere so busy a man as he there is,
And yet he seemed busier than he was."





GENEVIEVE E. BAZINET—"Gen,"
"Bill."

Salutatorian; Senior Class Secretary;
Captain Volley Ball III, IV; A. A. Secretary
III; Senior Ball Committee; "Merchant of
Venice" IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"She had a head to contrive, a tongue to
persuade, and a hand to execute all
mischief."

RUTH M. BENNETT—"Dutch," "Stub,"
"Rufus."

"Crimson Cocoanut" IV; Treble Clef I, II,
III, IV; Volley Ball III, IV; Basket Ball IV;
A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"And eyes so blue, and heart so true,
That none with her compare."

MERRITT BRAYDON—"Med," "Midge."

Commencement Speaker; Humor Editor
"Red and Black" IV; "Merchant of Venice"
IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"That riotous two-legged creature called
son."

SARA C. BROOMELL—"Sallie," "Blondie."

"Merchant of Venice" IV; "Land of Heart's
Desire" IV; Basket Ball IV; Volley Ball III,
IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Here's to the light that lies in woman's
eyes,
And lies, and lies, and lies."

CLENDON BUSH—"Bushy."

Editor-in-chief "Iroquois" IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Senior Ball Committee; Track III, IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

—Coleridge.

ROBERT CASHION—"Rudy," "Bob,"
"Bobby."

Senior Class President; Captain Basket Ball IV; Manager Basket Ball III; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Basket Ball II, III, IV; Baseball II, III, IV; Football II, III, IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"If he be not in love with some woman
There is no believing old signs."

—Shakespeare.

MONTGOMERY W. CHAPMAN—
"Monty," "Chappie."

Manager Basket Ball IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Ring Committee; Basket Ball II, III, IV; Baseball II, III, IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Ignorance is bliss."

EDITH M. CLARK—"Bunny."

Commencement Speaker; "Merchant of Venice" IV; "Crimson Coconut" IV; Invitation Committee IV; Volley Ball III, IV; Treble Clef II, III, IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Her sunny locks hung on her temples
like a golden fleece."





ARTHUR R. COWDERY—"Art."

Editor-in-chief "Red and Black" IV; Commencement Speaker; Public Speaking IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; "Crimson Coconut" IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Life is one demned long grind."

—Dickens.



MARGARET F. CROSBY—"Marge,"
"Peggy."

"Merchant of Venice" IV; "Land of Heart's Desire" IV; A. A. II, III, IV.

"Ripe in wisdom was she, but patient and simple and childlike."



ESTELLE DEARSTYNE

Vice-President Senior Class; Art Editor "Red and Black" IV; Public Speaking IV; Vice-President A. A. IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; "Food" IV; Treble Clef II, III; Basket Ball IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Oh, these wild, wild, women!"



DOROTHY M. DICKINSON—"Dot,"
"Dick."

Commencement Speaker; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Class Color Committee; Volley Ball III; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"And ever the truth comes uppermost in her mind."

RUTH R. DOUGHTY.

"Land of Heart's Desire" IV; Volley Ball III, IV; A. A. III, IV.

"Silence is deep as eternity, speech is as shallow as time."

—Scott.

KATHRYN E. EDDY—"Kitty," "Kay."

"Merchant of Venice" IV; "Lady Crook" IV; Class Poetess; Class Prophetess; A. A. IV.

"Her pencil was striking, resistless and grand;

Her manners were gentle, complying and bland."

KENNETH ELLSWORTH—"Ken."

"Madam Butterfly" IV; Food" IV; "Lincoln" IV; Glee Club II, III, IV; Track III, IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

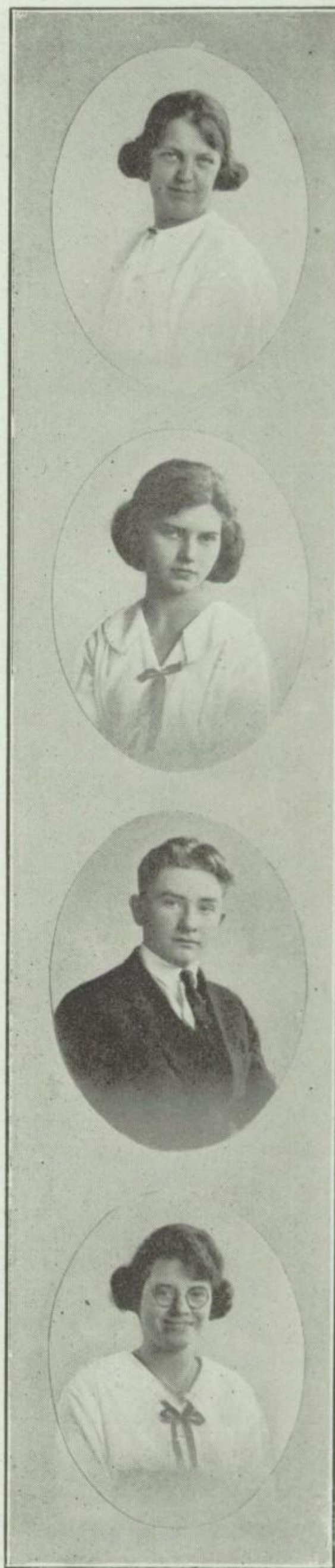
"Go forth under the open sky, and list to nature's teaching."

EDNA L. EVERTS—"Brownie."

Commencement Speaker; "Merchant of Venice" IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low."

—Shakespeare.





MILDRED E. FOSBROOK—"Mil,"
"Milly," Fozzie."

"Merchant of Venice" IV; "Lady Crook"
IV; Treble Clef II, III; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"She's a winsome, wee thing."—Burns.



LOYAL C. GIBBS—"Gibbsy."

Circulation Manager "Red and Black" IV;
"Merchant of Venice" IV; "Madam Butter-
fly" IV; Football IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth."



ADELINE IRWIN—"Ad."

"Land of Heart's Desire" IV; Basket Ball
IV; Volley Ball III, IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."



HAROLD B. LAMBERTSON—"Lamy."

Public Speaking IV; "Merchant of Venice"
IV; Class Pessimist; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"His years but young, but his experience
old;

His head unmellowed, but his judgment
ripe."

BETHENIA K. McCREERY—"Tiny."

Associate Editor "Red and Black" IV; Commencement Speaker; Public Speaking IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Class Optimist; Senior Ball Committee; Orchestra III, IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither."

—Burns.



JOHN J. McKERNON.

Commencement Speaker; "Merchant of Venice" IV; A. A. III, IV.

"A bold, bad man."



GERTRUDE E. MORRISON—"Gee Gee,"
"Trudie."

"Merchant of Venice" IV; "Madam Butterfly" IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

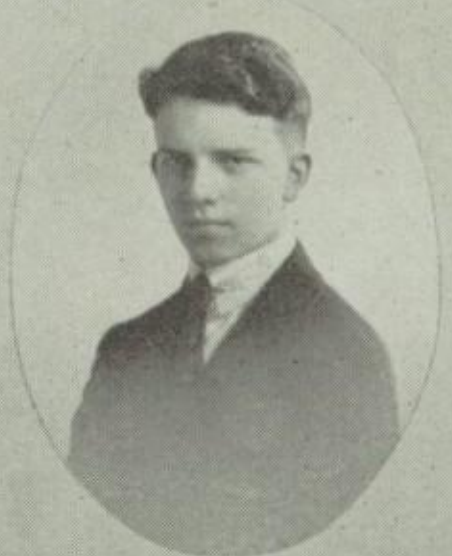
"As pure as a pearl, and as perfect, a
noble and innocent girl."



WILBER LOCKE NORRIS.

"Merchant of Venice" IV; "Crimson Coconut" IV; Football IV; Track IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"So learned, and yet so childlike."





ROBERT O'CONNOR—"Bob," "Duke."

Athletic Editor "Red and Black" IV; Cheer Leader IV; Track III, IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"When joy and duty clash,
Let duty go to smash."

GORDON S. PARTRIDGE—"Red."

President A. A. IV; Manager Football IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Class Historian; Football II, III, IV; Baseball III, IV; Track IV; Assistant Cheer Leader IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"An excuse in the hand is worth two at home."

MARGARET A. RAMSEY—"Midget,"
"Peggy."

Captain Basket Ball IV; Humor Editor "Iroquois" IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Ring Committee; Treble Clef II, III, IV; Volley Ball III, IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

—Milton.

RUTH ROCKWELL—"Rufus."

"Merchant of Venice" IV; "Land of Heart's Desire" IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Ah, pensive student, what is fame?"

WALTER ROSENBERG—"Walt," "Rosie."

"Merchant of Venice" IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Bid me discourse, and I will enchant
thine ear."

BLOOMFIELD J. RUSSELL—"Bloom."

Advertising Manager "Red and Black" IV;
"Merchant of Venice" IV; Class Historian;
A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Blessing on him who invented sleep."
—Cervantes.

ALEC SILVERMAN—"Al."

"Merchant of Venice" IV; A. A. II, III, IV.

"A beautiful but bearded face."

HARRIET L. SMITH—"Smitty," "Henry."

"Lincoln" IV; Treble Clef I, II, III, IV;
A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"Weeks may pass and years may end
Yet you find in me a friend."





THELMA THOMAS—"Tommy."

Commencement Speaker; "Merchant of Venice" IV; A. A. II, III, IV.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."



RALPH I. WELLS—"Wellsie."

Chairman Ring Committee; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"There's mischief in this man."



DOROTHA E. WESCOTT—"Dot."

Associate Editor "Red and Black" IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; A. A. III, IV.

"What's female beauty but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces
shine?"



AGNES WILEY—"Agony."

"Merchant of Venice" IV; "Land of Heart's Desire" IV; Volley Ball IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"I live in the crowd of jollity."—Johnson

HELEN WILLIAMS—"Willie."

Art Editor "Iroquois" IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Ring Committee; Basket Ball IV; A. A. I, II, III, IV.

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."



MARY E. WILSON—"Pug," "Duck."

Commencement Speaker; Public Speaking IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; Chairman Invitation Committee; Volley Ball III, IV; A. A. III, IV.

"If ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it."
—Shakespeare.

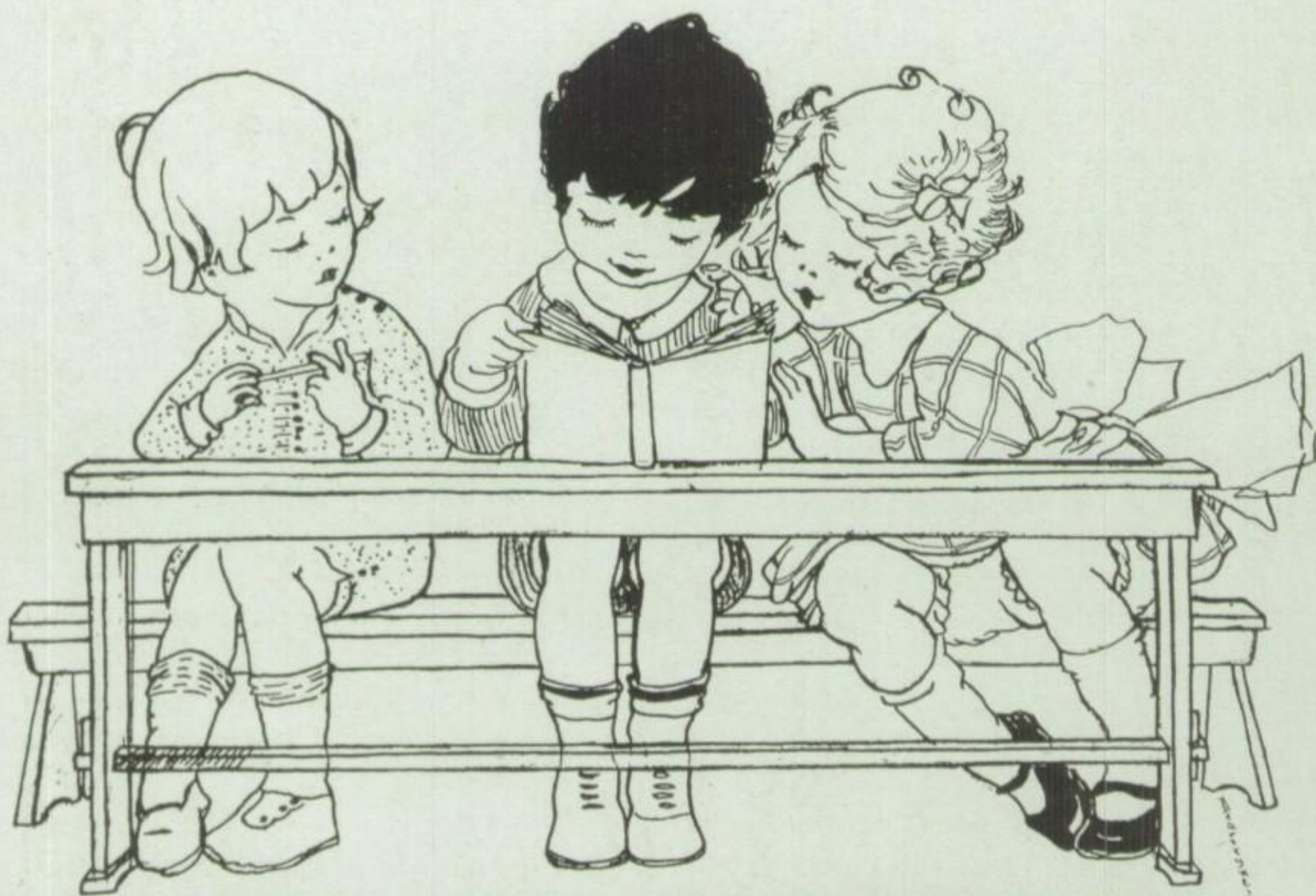


SIMON YAFFEE—"Soc," "Socrates."

Public Speaking IV; "Merchant of Venice" IV; "Crimson Coconut" IV; "Madam Butterfly" IV; Glee Club IV; Football IV; Track IV; A. A. III, IV.

"Knowledge is power and I feel quite
strong."





DIARY OF OUSENYUA

Sept. 7—Skool begun tew-day and i went. Gee, but it seams grate too be a senyur. Awl the Freshies gazed at me in wunder. We gotta nue man teacher and hez gonna sit in our room which made us awl feel sorta sorry fore him to. He sez he wuz glad too be with a klas that loked sew intellagunt and we wuz awl puffed up.

Oct. 10—A regular Chineez head festivul in skule tew-day. Each uv the gurls have there heads specked up with ribbuns, pink and green and blew, etc, etc. Kom-ed my head at noon and found a red wun. They musta thowt i wuz anerkistik.

Nov. 2—Everybody dissappointed. Simon Yaffee positavaly refused to be a kandidate for prezzident, sew Harding got it.

Nov. 5—Tew-day the klass wuz organized and Rudy Cashion blushed awl over about it. Ain't it funny how sum folks blush at anything? i diddunt wunce. i wuz retained as wun uv the members of the klass.

Nov. 6—Senyur play tryowts this afternoon and awl is excited. They awl wunt too be Portia and Shylock.

Nov. 8—Shakespeare is doomed. Everybody has a part. Lots uv us fellows wuz wishing we had a good part with nothing to say. Red Partridge got it. Don't it beet awl how sum folks hev luck!

Nov. 30—This morning in assemblee a publik helth officer frum Albany spoke too us on how too keep kleen and live a hundred years same as he does. He sez to make a fellow sit up strate to stick up a cuple uv fingers at him. Then sombody spoiled the affect and experimented on Rosenberg. Flowers omitted by request.

Dec. 2—The Bolsheviki are hear. They tried to blow up the skool this morning in assemblee by a crimson coconut. Norris saved the day by bringing in sum

H₂O and distinguishing it. i hadda test next period, sew i didn't help eny. A rumor that Edith Clark had evidence uv the case prooved fawlse.

Dec. 18—Lotsa excitemunt in the auditoreiyum tew-day. We had our Senyur play. "The Merchant of Venice," the name of it wuz. The last act wuz a screem. There wuz Art and Jessica out injoying the moonlite when awl uv a sudden somewun turned on the foot-lites. Then in kumes Gratiano and Austy who are scene by Nerissa and Portia which makes the audience gasp at the consequence. The curtain kumes down with a bang and awl wuz happy.

Dec. 28—Senyur Bawl tew-nite. Big dewins. During the kourse uv the evening ovr prezzident and a kuple other senyurs kum in to pay us a vizzit. He left with a soffmoar.

Jan. 17—Its 1921 and Regents weak. If i cram eny more I'll bust.

Jan. 19—Took exam this afternoon but coudent seam to think. I sorta hated to leve that subject enyhow.

Feb. 25—Youd otta seen Ellsworth talkin tew Abe Lincoln in the play in Asseemblee this morning. Ken wuz togged up sew we didn't rekognise hymn. He looked awful kute enyhow.

Mar. 1—Gee! What you spose we've got downe'n the lower hawl? A bust! And it's a hull one, too, a hull figger! Got a snake around it and holds a stick. Sum klass to give us that.

Mar. 3—Lower hawl awl fixed up with French dekarashuns. Reglar rainbow. If us senyurs drew that weigh they'd think us crazy. Must be grate tew be fran-caize.

Mar. 9—Full bludded injun tawlked tew us this morning. The juniors got sew wrout up they wunted tew play Cowboy and Injun. Ain't it strange how juniors iz never dignified?

Mar. 17—Tew-day wuz my birthday. Gee, but i wuz prowld. The girls uv the senyur klass wore green smocks tew celebrate it. Ain't gurls reel considerate at times?

Mar. 24—"Publik Parlee"—(P. S. thats French). The speekin wuz fine and endured by awl present. Nobudy never had shudderin neez nor nuthin but fore or five. i wuz won of the speakers. Mine wuz awl rite but wunce.

Mar. 28—Bloom Russel kome tew skool on tyme tew-day, and awl us fellers thot we wuz going tew have a holiday, but Bloom woodn't permit it.

Mar. 30—i went tew the minstrul show tew-nite. Many senyurs uv by-gone years as well as us wuz their. We awl klapped and hada grate time, but us senyurs wuz tew smart tew be fooled by the slite uv hand.

April 1—A few of us senyurs had a birthday party. Gee, but I'm glad it weren't mine.

April 2—The Tourneymments ended and Syracuse got our trofy. The trofy kabinet ain't qwite sew conjested as twuz enyhow. Hats off tew Syracuse.

April 8—A lady in asseemblee give us students a good lecture this mornin. Sed sum uv our skrews wuz loose. Looked rite at us senyurs, tew. We gotta show more dignity in the future.

June 22—Hear it is kummensmunt day at last. Hooray! Regents over and skuls dune and to-morrow I'm a free man. I feal just like Caesar when he sied for moar worlds to konkur.

Arthur Cowdery.

CLASS HISTORY

When the beaming faces of our unusual Freshman Class first appeared in the halls of our High School, even then did we show promise of a most exceptional class career. Far be it from us to claim that we entered High School in any more dignified manner than the usual Freshman Class, but there was a difference, for behold, at intervals we showed signs of intelligence of a high order. As all Seniors know, rare indeed is the Freshman, or Sophomore for that matter, who can be said to possess even a small degree of knowledge. We all passed through our first year uneventfully, stumbling here a little in Biology, and there in the intricacies of Algebra, but showing a marked improvement over other classes, except, perhaps, that of '20, which possessed the phenomenal brain-power of that most distinguished graduate, Cutler West.

Nor did we relax from our course, when we passed our exams in June and became Sophomores. Now we began to lose our precocity and our studious habits, to some extent. Here we met with Caesar, and were introduced to French. These stiff subjects kept us busy, but some of us managed to step out to a dance on Friday night, and go calling on Sunday, which is the proper thing for a Soph to do, provided he does not interfere with the Seniors, whose nights out are Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with Sunday afternoon or night to go out of town. We finished our second year successfully.

At last we entered our Junior year, and here we came to a swift decline in study. Here Red Partridge found that in order to stay awake in Physics class he must go to bed at eleven each night except Friday and Saturday. Bloom Russell didn't find it out until too late, and now he's still trying to catch up in his sleep. He holds the school record for tardiness, with Monty Chapman a close second. The contest is getting exciting. At this time also, Rudy Cashion began to make his name and fame as a basketball star and woman-hater. Also Monty Chapman made his debut as a high school center. Some sensation! Monty says he keeps gaining all the time, but we don't see any change in his figure.

We went up to Regents examinations in June, 1920, with fear and trembling. After the smoke blew away and the casualties were counted, it was found that the majority of the class would park their books in Room L in the fall. Such had been our irrepressible good spirits that Miss Goulding heaved many a sigh of relief when we left Room K for our last year.

Last September we entered upon our final year in Glens Falls High, and we'll say it's been some year, if a Senior may make use of such picturesque language. At our class meeting we elected Rudy to the dignified office of president and Estelle Dearstyne to that of vice-president. Genevieve Bazinet was appointed to wield

the quill, but she has had very little to do. Harold Austin was elected to save up the nickels and dimes, and he has had still less.

Our class rings were selected and purchased some time before Christmas. Everybody remarks about the unique and unusual design. Such should be the case, for are we not an unusual class?

Following the custom of other Senior classes we held a play, "The Merchant of Venice." The success of the play was due almost entirely to the able supervision of Miss Abbott, and to her genius in fabricating scenery. Here Robert Cashion again covered himself with glory, when Nerissa took the flying leap into Gratiano's ready arms. Bethenia McCreery in the role of Shylock showed great ability in dramatics. For the first time admission was charged for an entertainment of this kind, and over one hundred dollars was cleared, which we had the honor of turning over to the Athletic Association.

Close on the heels of this affair came the crowning success of the year, namely, the Senior ball. It was held on the night of December 29. No effort was spared in making this event a great success. The hall was gaily decorated with long streamers of green and black, the class colors, and palms, placed in the corners. Beaton's orchestra furnished music for about sixty couples, including a large number of high school alumni. It is said that several Seniors attended. Dancing was enjoyed from nine to twelve, when the party unwillingly broke up to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

By this time the basketball season was getting under way. Again we found Robert Cashion in the limelight as captain for the year. The team had some hard battles, and generally came out victorious. Rudy Cashion and Monty Chapman represented '21 in all the games. We prophesy that they will be filling a place on some college 'varsity team in a year or two. The games throughout the season have been very well attended, and at last we have had a little pep in the cheering section, due to the efforts of Bob O'Connor, Gordon Partridge, and Avery Allen. For the first time in many moons have we kept the cheers rolling with a snap across the football field and basketball court to encourage and put fight into our battered warriors. Even some of our girls were wont to shout in accents wild, "Razzberries," (with a broad a).

In the early part of April the class marks were published. They compared well with the marks of other classes graduated from G. F. H. S. Rose Alter won the valedictory, and Genevieve Bazinet the salutatory. These goals meant four years of hard work. Congratulations to you, girls!

This finishes the story of '21, except for this record of our activities, "The Red and Black." Next fall we shall be scattered over different States, most of us at

institutions of higher learning, never to sit in a class-room of our High School again. The Class of '21 makes its bow and passes into history.

*Harold Austin,
Gordon S. Partridge,
Bloomfield J. Russell.*

CLASS PROPHECY

Everything happened this way. I had been late every day for the past two weeks until it had finally become a habit. But that morning, Mr. Stilwell called me into his august presence. "Please," he begged, "as a favor to the faculty and the school, please try to be here on time tomorrow morning." As he uttered these heart-rending words, his voice shook, and tears came into his eyes. Deeply touched, I vowed that I would be there the following morning—but how? That was the question. My only hope, the alarm clock, was broken. It was then that I realized that the only way possible was for me to stay there all night, so I would be sure to be there the next morning.

So that night, I successfully evaded the watchful eyes of the several teachers, and after all had left the building, entered the study hall, sat down in one of the seats and fell asleep. It was the middle of the night when I awoke, but I was not at all sleepy, and decided that I would wander around the building, and see, as much as possible, how it looked by night.

I made my way carefully down the stairs and found myself in the lower hall. All was deathly quiet, and dark save where the statue of Minerva gleamed white in the dim beams from the arc light on the street. I went to the door, and looked out into the peaceful night. As I stood there, I heard something moving behind me.

I turned in amazement. The statue of Minerva was no longer cold and lifeless! A rosy flush was creeping over her face, and a look of supreme intelligence welled up into her otherwise vacant looking eyes. The statue had come to life! I stood there too astonished to speak. Minerva smiled and spoke first.

"Don't be surprised," she remarked pleasantly, "I do this every night at this time." While speaking, she had climbed down off her pedestal, and sat down on it, arranging her robe.

"Come over and talk to me," she said invitingly. "I get awfully lonesome here all alone."

"If you wouldn't mind removing that snake first," I demurred.

Minerva smiled, and touching the serpent on the head, spoke a few words in Latin.

"Do you know where it can get anything to eat?" she inquired. "I suppose it might try to find something in the safe down in the domestic science dining room."

You know, I've often wondered what they keep in that safe, and with all my wisdom, I've never been able to find out."

Obediently the snake crawled away, and I heard its marble coils clattering down the stairs.

I sat down on the pedestal beside her.

"Are you really very wise?" I asked eagerly.

"I suppose I am," she replied modestly.

"Can you tell me anything I want to know?" I queried breathlessly.

"Anything," she smiled. "I am not reputed to be a prophetess, yet I have some secret knowledge of the future."

"Then tell me, oh tell me, what there is in the future for the Senior Class," I begged.

Without further delay, she obligingly began:

"The first one that comes to my mind is Robert O'Connor. I see him as cheer leader for the Old Ladies' Home, attired in a gay sweater of deep purple with crepe trimmings, the class colors.

"Next I see Margaret Ramsey thrilling a vast audience in the Metropolitan opera house with her wonderful voice, while Madam Homer stands at the stage door grinding her teeth in envy.

"The scene changes and I see walking down Glen street, Thelma Thomas, the proud parent of angelic twins named Aeneas and Dido. In spite of any effect their names might have on them, the children get along splendidly together.

"And now I seem to be outside a large theatre while overhead twinkle a thousand electric lights, tracing the following words, 'Miss June Lovely' in 'The Bootlegger Loves Her Still.'" [Miss Lovely, it will be remembered, was Miss Edith Clark.]

"Again the scene changes and I find myself in a somber study. The walls are lined with deep books on philosophy and theology. But who is this person whom I see seated at the desk busily writing? It is none other than Miss Estelle Dearstyne engaged in her favorite pursuit of writing deep, melancholy essays on higher thought.

"This time I seem to be in a prison—and I see a familiar face. Ah! it is Miss Helen Williams. No, she is not one of the convicts. She is lecturing to them on the inspiring subject—'The Importance of Being on Time.'

"And now I see before me a small hamlet, consisting of four houses, a church and a store. There is but one person visible in this lonely landscape. He is attired in a white suit (that is, it was once), and carries over his shoulder a long handled brush. Behold, the person is indeed Mr. Gordon Barnum, the street cleaner of West Ft. Ann.

"Again I see a stage and this time flitting about it, gracefully attired in a short white skirted affair, I see Monsieur Cashion, famous toe dancer of the Russian Ballet. Monsieur Cashion's love for fancy dress was first manifested in 1920, when, as 'Gratiano,' attired in a dazzling costume of blue and gold, he wooed the fair Nerissa.

"This time I seem to see before me, a broad expanse of fields, and in the distance a small farmhouse. The dawn is just breaking over the pastoral scene, disclosing to my view an industrious figure clad in blue overalls busily engaged in digging apples. Ah! now I see that this prosperous farmer is indeed Mr. Bloomfield Russell. Although it is now barely four o'clock in the morning, he has already been at work over an hour. [Good work, Russell, say we!]

"Next there floats before my sight the vision of an extremely pretentious building. At the entrance I perceive a sign reading 'Mr. Merritt Braydon—Famous Spiritualistic Medium.' And now, I am entering his seance chamber. It is hung with dark, somber draperies and an air of mystery pervades the place. In a massive chair I see Braydon himself, attired in a red and blue bathrobe, with a Turkish towel artistically wound around his head, gazing fixedly into what seems to be an inverted goldfish bowl—presumably a crystal. But this vision is not yet ended. The door of the seance chamber opens, and in steps an extremely prosperous looking young man.—It is Gordon Partridge.

"'Well, Braydon,' he sings out, 'I sold 250 ouija boards to-day. Not so bad, eh?'

"Braydon smiles and rubs his hands.

"'Good work, partner,' he answers, 'there's sure one born every minute, eh, Red?'

"This scene gradually fades from view, and another takes its place. I see this time before my eyes a poor tenement district swarming with rather foreign looking people. A woman attracts my eye—a woman with a kindly benevolent expression—and on looking closer, I can make out Miss Harriet Smith, missionary to foreign lands [Whitehall]. This angel of mercy is busily engaged in handing out copies of 'Hamlet' to the starving population.

"This vision over, there arises before my eyes a stately ancestral castle, home of Count Meout and his wife, formerly Miss Mary Wilson. On entering the castle, I am struck forcibly by the bareness of the place and the thought comes to me that the furniture has been sold to pay the taxes. Though sad, 'tis true. For although Mary's husband is a Count, alas! he has nothing to count. \$ \$ \$ \$!

"What a change! I now seem to be standing before a long counter, while behind it stands Mr. Arthur Cowdery, bartender, passing out liquid refreshment to thirsty souls. Ah! now the scene grows clearer. Oh, pardon me, my mistake.

Instead of a bartender I now perceive that Mr. Cowdery is the chauffeur of a soda water fountain.

"Next, I see a dark cave, hidden in the wilds of Prospect Mountain. In keeping with the scene, I see an extremely wild figure with long hair and beard, clad in a tattered gown. How sad! My eyes grow dim as I gaze. Poor Ralph Wells, disappointed in love, has become a hermit, and has foresworn all society.

"The next person appearing before me is Miss Gertrude Morrison, who has had great success as saleswoman for horsehair corn poppers. Miss Morrison carries her wares in a handsome concrete suitcase.

"Next there floats before me a vision of the Sheriff with a warrant for the arrest of—Miss Kathryn Eddy. It seems that Miss Eddy, as editor of 'Snappy Stories,' has exceedingly annoyed the board of censors, who have therefore issued the aforesaid warrant.

"How touching is this next scene! I see two small children being shamefully maltreated by their French governess, Miss Genevieve Bazinet. I gather that Miss Bazinet, her nerves worn to a frazzle with the futility of trying to instil any appreciation of Racine's 'Esther' into the minds of her charges, is taking it out on them. Poor dears! How I pity them!

"What a strange foreign scene now presents itself! Nearby I see a sign post on which I read the words, 'Czecho-Slovakia.' In the midst of this interesting landscape appears an inn. On entering the door I see as a barmaid her who was Miss Mildred Fosbrook and her Czecho-Slovakian husband, selling vodka. At a table (nearby) are seated two familiar figures, whom on closer inspection I discover to be Mr. John McKernon, now member of the President's Cabinet, and Mr. Loyal Gibbs, president of the oil trust. The two friends, I understand, are spending an extensive vacation in the aforesaid country on account of the continued dryness of the U. S. Too bad, John, that there's nothing in the way of liquid refreshment in the President's cabinet.

"Out of the scene gradually unfolding before me I hear a voice. 'Yes, Mr. Vanderbilt, table this way, sir. Special today, stuffed bees' knees on toast, sir. Yes, sir; very good, sir.' In the haze before me, I now see a figure. Mr. Ralph Smith is now none other than head waiter at the Waldorf. The G. F. H. S. may well be proud to claim this majestic figure as a product of her halls of learning.

"And now before me I see a magnificent apartment, which is but a background for a still more magnificent woman, who is (be prepared for a shock) Miss Ruth Bennett, successor to Theda Bara. As I gaze, I hear her say in a languid voice, 'Marie, you may tell Mr. DeMille I will positively consider nothing under \$10,000 a week.'

"Miss Margaret Crosby now comes before me as a country school teacher. Miss Crosby is at present employed in the important pastime of reading 'Advice

to the Love Lorn,' by Beatrice Nearfacts (once known as Ruth Doughty). Margaret is seeking the answer to her query, 'Shall I marry the village pastor or the janitor?'

"The wild acclaim of thousands meets my ears with the enthusiastic shouts of 'Norris, Norris, Norris!' In the prize fighting ring I see Wilber Norris triumphant, while at his feet lie eight fatally injured men laid low by his mighty hand. Mr. Norris is graciously allowing himself to be photographed for the newspapers, having won a purse of \$50,000.

"There gradually comes before me the picture of Kenneth Ellsworth as deacon of the church at Smith's Basin. Dear Deacon Ellsworth seems to be quite the idol of his small congregation—bless his soul!

"What an uproar! The whirl of machinery and the sound of voices meet my ears. In his private office, I see Clendon Bush, editor-in-chief of 'The Daily Blast.' Mr. Bush, as usual a great patron of education, has just finished signing a \$5,000 check as first prize for a Latin translating contest, conducted by 'The Blast.' It may be appropriate to remark here that the winner of the Latin contest is Miss Edna Everts.

"This time I see a stage, filled with gaily dressed people, and I perceive a musical comedy is being given. The figure which impresses me most is one whom I now see to be Mr. Harold Lambertson. But how strangely Harold is acting! Has he the St. Vitus's dance, or the shaking palsy? Not so. I now perceive by a program that Mr. Lambertson is hailed as a great exponent of modern jazz dancing. In this scene before me, in the front row of the audience, I see one other familiar figure, namely Simon Yaffee, eminent writer of students' encyclopedias. Mr. Yaffee is making a scientific study of Mr. Lambertson's contortions as material for his new book, 'The Close Relationship between Monkey and Man.'

"As I gaze far into the future I see that Wallace Reid, our once handsome matinee idol, can no longer hold our interest. But his place is not vacant, for it is now ably held by Harold Austin, who once sprang into national fame as 'Bassanio.' As I gaze, I see Mr. Austin reading one of the 2,421 'mash' notes he has received on this particular day from love-sick girls all over the country.

"Alas! To what depths former greatness can sink. I now see our once famous athlete, M. Chapman, but ah! how changed. Poor Monty, broken in spirit, harrassed and henpecked, seems to be on a Sunday outing at Round Pond with his four-year-old son. From this sad scene of wrecked glory I hear his patient voice saying—'No, no,—Oswald mustn't take home pretty pond in his pocket. Naughty! Naughty! Papa spank!' But let us haste with all convenient speed from this scene of placid domesticity!

"From one who has sunk to the lowest station of human existence, let us turn our attention to one who has attained the highest point of success. I now behold

Miss Ruth Rockwell, famous lady balloonist. Miss Rockwell carries with her as ballast Mr. Walter Rosenberg and Mr. Ralph Bullock." No, Ralph, you are not going to be tied on the end of the rope." [See Iroquois for March.]

"Who is this familiar person now appearing before me? It is Miss Dorothea Wescott, census taker for Ft. Edward. Miss Wescott, having interviewed the entire population of her district (all three of them), is spending a quiet afternoon at the city hall with Miss Agnes Wiley, Mayoress of Glens Falls. The two public officials are discussing the new tax bill, the latest crochet pattern, and the difficulty of supporting one's husband in the style to which he has been accustomed.

"And now the biggest and most exciting scene of all floats before me. I find myself present at a small circus, managed by several of our old friends and being held near a little country hamlet. As I enter the small gate, pushing through the vast crowd (eleven in all, to be exact), I see a sign reading:

'Awkumon Circus

Biggest show for its size on earth.'

I step up to the ticket booth, and, for a dime, am handed a small piece of pasteboard by Miss Bethenia McCreery. A few steps farther, and the ticket is rudely snatched from my grasp by Miss McCreery, who rushes back to her window to sell it again.

"As I stroll about the circus grounds I see Alec Silverman as Wild Man—plus a shredded wheat skirt and with much the same ferocious expression he once exhibited as the 'Prince of Morocco.'

"A little farther on I see Miss Dorothy Dickinson, snake charmer, with several sleepy and careworn reptiles twined gracefully around her neck. From the contented expression on Dot's face, I gather she is thinking of pay day.

"In the next tent a trained flea show is going on, managed by Miss Sara Broomell. As Miss Broomell cracks the whip, the little fleas arrange themselves in a row—then the first hops up and wheels a second in a little wheelbarrow. A third jumps through a hoop, and a fourth does the shimmy. This show is now over and Miss Broomell carefully puts the little animals to bed on a nearby dog.

"As I emerge from the tent and look about me I see several hicks and hayrubes getting severely sunburned by watching Miss Rose Alter performing her celebrated tight rope act fifty feet in the air. She slips! She screams! A shudder runs through the crowd. No! she is safe. I breathe again. But how undignified, for our valedictorian, Miss Alter, is now suspended screaming in mid air by the invisible wire which held her in the first place.

"Near by I see an exciting race going on, with Miss Adeline Irwin, noted jockeyess, urging on her plodding farmhorse.

"And now the circus is fading away," said Minerva. "What is this I see before me? Matilda Atiyeh, a poet, starving in an attic!" [Cheer up, Matilda, they'll appreciate your work in two or three hundred years!]

Minerva stopped and passed her hand over her forehead. "There, I guess I've told you everything," she finished triumphantly. "Hark! The serpent is coming back—I must go now," and again I heard its clattering folds on the basement stairs.

Dawn was breaking. A rosy flush was slowly spreading over the east, and the first struggling beams of the sun were lighting up the dusky corners of the hallway. Minerva arose and placed one foot on her pedestal.

"I've enjoyed talking to you so much," she whispered, "and now I must go."

I heard a key turn in the lock—it was the janitor. Perhaps there was yet time for one more question. I seized her robe. "Minerva," I pleaded wildly, "tell me one more thing—will next year's class be as bright as this one?"

But it was too late. Her robe melted from my grasp and once more she stood on her pedestal, coldly and lifelessly beautiful. The momentous question remained unsolved, and time alone can answer it.

Kathryn Eddy.

"Between optimist and pessimist
The difference is droll.
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist sees the hole."

CLASS OPTIMIST

It is scarcely necessary for me to go into details about the achievements and merits of the present Senior Class, since all have had them for a living example for varying lengths of time, beginning with the unhappy Freshmen who have known us only a term, up to the happy teachers who have had us under gentle (?) guidance for four or more years. Naturally every class thinks it is the best class ever graduated, but we have proofs which show beyond a doubt that we are the most exceptional class the Glens Falls High has ever had to its credit.

We consider ourselves to have done our best work with the late World War problem. Of course everyone is aware that we ended the war, but some may not know how, so for their benefit I will explain briefly. During its course we sent several messages to the Kaiser, telling him exactly what we thought of him. This terrified him exceedingly and he finally took our notes to the Grand Council, where

they were gravely discussed. After two or three of these he became convinced that with such an enemy against him his plans were already wrecked, especially when he learned we had sent word to Pershing to crush the Hindenburg line.

We were indeed sorry to have to drop the Mexican question at the beginning of the war, but we are now preparing to pick up the thread where we dropped it. We shall soon have a delegate to instruct President Harding on this highly important matter, as well as other minor ones.

To descend from the sublime to High School notes we beg you to consider what our dear old school would be without us. Look at our study halls—models of neatness, orderliness and studiousness, due to us and our example. Our principal?—Nothing need be said. The best and the most efficient the school has ever had, and all due to us.

We have safely ushered in the largest and freshest Freshman class our school has ever known (or ever hopes to). We hope in time they will learn to imitate their elders, but we have our doubts. And as for nerve, we have positive proof that no former class can beat us in this. Why, for years the school has wanted a school paper, but it needed our nerve to start it. In another line, we gave successfully "The Merchant of Venice," which other classes have considered too difficult. And we have seen the bea-u-t-iful new statue of Minerva, serpents, velvet curtains and all set up in the hall.

In conclusion, oh Teachers, Fellow Students and Freshmen! we wish to warn you of what lies before you. Never hereafter, oh Teachers! will you have such brilliant and attentive classes, never such hours ever free from monotony. Never, Freshmen, will you again find such patient teachers in the mysteries of High School. (Why, I even found a little Freshie who didn't know how to pass a note.) Never, alas, never, School-in-General, will you find such enlivening school-mates. Let us shed a quiet tear for those to come.

Bethenia McCreery.

CLASS PESSIMIST

I have been appointed to the honorable office of Class Pessimist! As I look about me, I gasp! What do you think of the Class of '21? Not much? I agree with you. They certainly are the worst class in every possible way that has ever been graduated from Glens Falls High School.

Look at our bashful John and Edna! They hardly speak above a whisper and wander around in a frightened manner like fawns that have strayed from the doe's side. Our childish members, Monty, Mid, Wilber, Avery and Company, are just as bad in another way. They look, talk and act as foolish as they really are. Then

notice the important(?) Barnum, the dignified (?) president, the bright (?) editors, our ridiculous bobbed-hair members, and the rest of the rabble, who all tend to make the Class of '21 live up to its reputation, namely, that of the worst graduating class of G. F. H. S.

In any group of human beings there are always two extremes. The Class of '21 is no exception. The above mentioned individuals are one extreme. Certain members of the Virgil class (mostly female) represent the other extreme. They saunter about with a "know it all" expression and generally get by with it. They are always prepared in their studies, are studiously inclined in the study hall and are excellent specimens of what the faculty would like the school to be. But even they aren't so much. They have been excelled in their own line many times by previous classes.

A very few of our students are in a class all by themselves. They are afflicted and are reported to be slowly passing away with the fatal disease of self-importance. They imagine the school would go to pieces if they were removed. Gee! it must be awful to be that way!

I wish I could go into minute details on the vices of all the class. But space is rather limited for this very important work, and so I shall be able to give only a very brief glimpse of the habits and customs of the students of the Class of '21. If only some heavenly body would force Bloomy to reach school on time (all earthly powers have failed); if the deities would only endow Monty with a little common sense; if all the ancient Muses would only make Bob understand that he isn't clever; if someone or something would only show Red that he isn't handsome; if these few things could only happen, then the Class of '21 would be somewhat as a class should be.

From a physical standpoint the Class of '21 is as bad as from other standpoints. They are either too tall or too short (Monty and Mid). Where, oh! where is the happy medium?

I see the honorable editor is getting concerned over the amount of space I am using, so I shall bring my little degradation to a close by repeating that the Class of '21 is the worst that has ever been graduated from old G. F. H. S.

Harold Lambertson.

CLASS GIFTS

As the Class of 1921 severs its connection with this High School, it seems fitting that each member either present a gift or be presented with one, to aid him in life's work. Clendon Bush, our Santy, clad in his best pajamas, has been selected to distribute the following gifts:

For Edith Clark, the remains of Estelle's, Mary's and Willie's glorious tresses, to eke out hers.

For Monty, a portable gym, where he may shoot baskets to his heart's content.

To little Kenneth, who loves to wander, we give that privilege, and warn him to keep away from Bacon Street. It's dangerous! Frances is learning to dance.

For Wilber we think a safety razor might not be a bad gift.

Simon has invented a silencer with which he consents to part in order to keep Walt from getting into serious trouble with his mouth.

For Merritt, in case he never grows up, there are the stilts Estelle has been using around school.

Cashion, tired of his magnetism for the sweeter sex (of which he has made good use) bequeathes it to Harold Lambertson. (Beware! girls.)

For Agnes there is an accident insurance policy and a four-leaf clover in case of accident with her new car.

Here's a megaphone for Mildred Fosbrook. May her brilliant recitations be heard all over the world and perhaps go down in history.

A useful gift for Harold Austin is a never empty purse. (Perhaps we'll have some peace now.)

To Bloom, Ruth Doughty donates a mule. It may come in handy down on the farm.

To Alec, we give a perpetual pass to the movies, of which we are sure he will make good use.

The Virgil class will to Thelma all their Virgil books. She loves them so!

Robert O'Connor offers to give free "uke" lessons for life to Dorothea Wescott. We wish her success!

For dear old Sara we have broken our pocketbooks to buy a classy Hudson-super-six roadster of her own. (There is plenty of room for one good sized person besides Sara.)

Matilda is so kind as to give her excellent ability to vamp to Ruth Bennett.

For Kathryn Eddy there are six fountain pens and several crates of writing paper. We hope that she will use them to good advantage.

To Ralph Wells we award a medal of plaster of paris for talking so much in French class.

We give to dear little Arthur Cowdery a rattle box, with which he may play and annoy his college profs.

To Gordon Barnum, Chapman gives all his excess importance.

To Red we give a package of Diamond Dye. Color—green. It might make an improvement.

There is a pretty pink hair ribbon for Tiny McCreery.

To John McKernon we give all our French books.

To Mary Wilson we give an electric curling iron. Now, what cares she if it does rain!

For Margaret Ramsey we have purchased a tuning fork. Good luck, Maggie!

To Margaret Crosby we give a pair of Sure-Ons. She will probably need them in a few years.

For Loyal Gibbs we think a "dicer" would be really becoming. He is such a dude!

For Adeline we hope some shock absorbers for a Ford car will be acceptable.

We have, in the interest of astronomy, appropriated the funds necessary to buy a dirigible for Rose in which she may take a trip to Mars and parlez-vous with the natives, (if there are any).

To shy and blushing Gertrude Morrison we give the gown she wore in "The Merchant of Venice." It was such an admirable fit and so very stunning.

Willy relinquishes to Harriet Smith her stardom on the baseball diamond. Here's to the prospect of a second Ty Cobb. Rah!

To saintly Dickie we give a sweet-briar pipe and the necessary tobacco. She's a regular George Washington, but she might be induced to smoke.

For cunnin' little Gen, we have purchased a silent wireless communicator to be installed on her desk at Cornell. It is guaranteed not to get out of commission.

Bold and daring Edna Everts has procured a partner to toddle with Estelle (guaranteed to continue).

To Ruth Rockwell, an encyclopedia, to increase her already startling knowledge.

To Bushy, Avery has most generously willed his bathing suit. It wouldn't shrink to fit him!

*Estelle Dearstyne,
Dorothy Dickinson,
Mary Wilson.*



CLASS ALPHABET

A stands for Austin, whom we need only name.

B is for Barnum, of "Iroquois" fame.

C stands for Cashion, the class president.

Dis for Dearstyne, on pleasure e'er bent.

E stands for Ellsworth, a second John Burroughs.

F is for Fosbrook, who in thought her brow furrows.

G stands for Gibbs, so attentive in school.

H is for Helen, who breaks every rule.

I is for Irwin, as sweet as a pink,

J is for John, not so shy as you'd think.

K is for Kathryn, whom naught can appall,

L for our room, the best one of all.

M is for Gert, and our Scot, B. K. M.

Gertrude Morrison
Bethenia McCreery

N is for Norris, a Soph has won him.

O's for O'Connor, at cheering a star.

P is for Partridge, our gay Lochinvar.

Q's for Room Q (ueer), and its memories dear,

R is for Ramsey, whose songs bring good cheer.

S is for Sara, a curly-haired lass,

T is for Thelma, called "Tom" by the class.

U is for Us, '21, we're all right,

V's for our Valedictorian bright.

W is for Wells, Wescott, Wiley and "Pug." (Mary Wilson).

X for the 'xams with which we'll soon tug.

Y is for Yaffee, an unusual boy,

Z for the zeroes which lessen our joy.

Genevieve Bazinet.

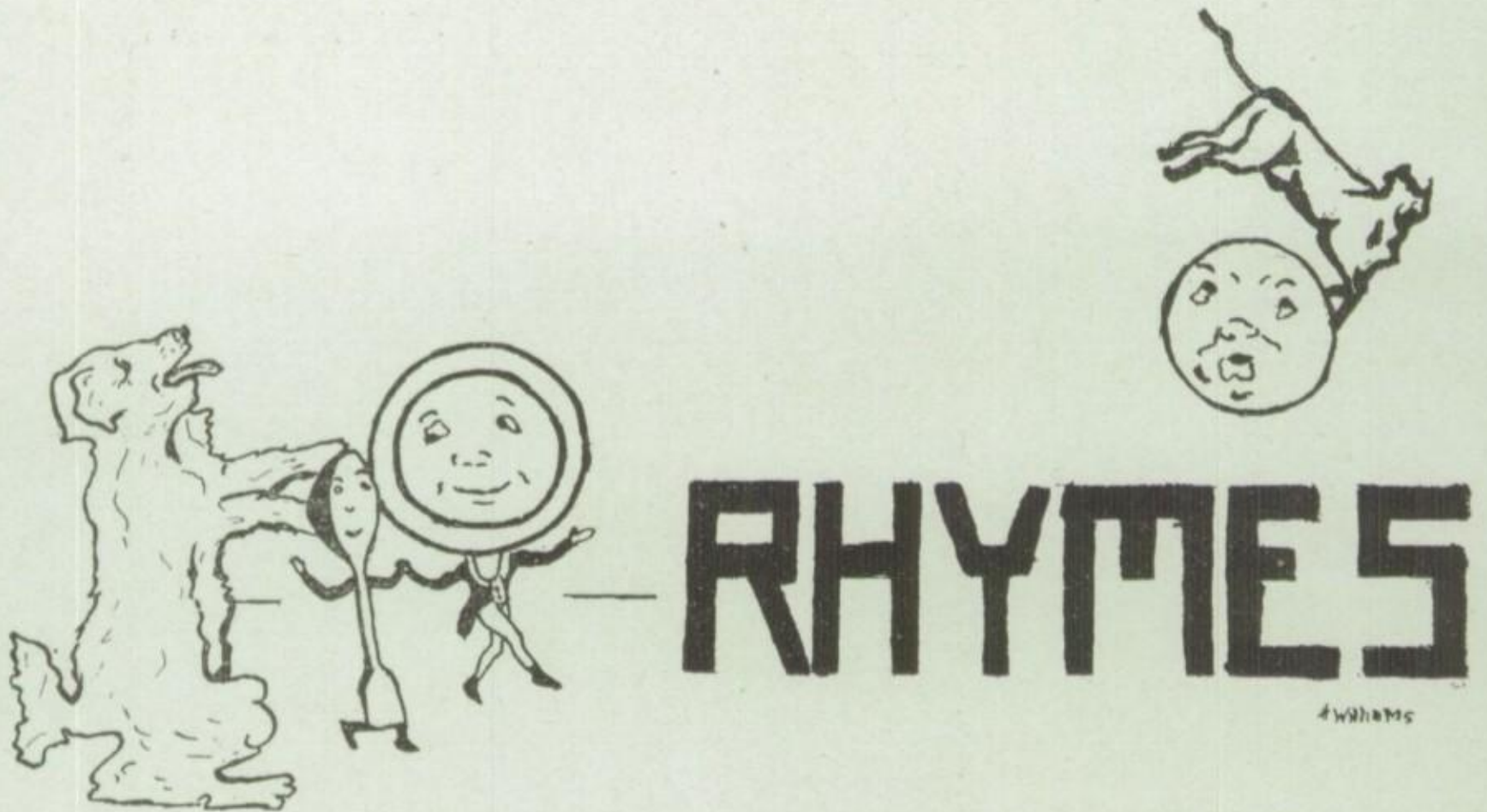


PUBLIC SPEAKING

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND CONCERT
PROGRAM

Selected		High School Orchestra
Toussaint L'Ouverture		Wendell Phillips
	Simon Yaffee	
The Bear Story		James W. Riley
	Bethenia McCreery	
Song—The Barefoot Trail		
	Treble Clef	
Freedom		John Ruskin
	Gordon Barnum	
In Loco Parentis		Myra Kelly
	Matilda Atiyeh	
Song—In the Afterglow		
	Margaret Ramsey	
Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet"		Shakespeare
	Estelle Dearstyne	
Spartacus to the Gladiators		Rev. Elijah Kellogg
	Arthur Cowdery	
Song—The Winter Song		
	Young Men's Glee Club	
Jean Desprez		Robert W. Service
	Harold Lambertson	
The Mayflower		Alfred Noyes
	Mary Wilson	

Alternates—Kathryn Eddy and Wilber Norris



A SONNET

To A Chocolate Soda

(After the passing of the 30th Amendment prohibiting Ice Cream)

I oft had fears that I might cease to eat
Of Thee, of whom I am so very fond.
Ah! how I'd like to break the cursed bond
To pass remaining days with Thee, O Sweet!

When I behold above me in the sky
The sparkling stars that dot the Milky Way,
Then richest memories haunt me night and day
And happiness from out my soul doth fly.

The stars that twinkle there on high o' nights
Like sparkling soda to me now they seem.
The Milky Way all other visions blights
Save that which doth remind me of ice-cream.

Why should I now be plagued with everything?
My joys are gone. "O death, where is thy sting?"

Merritt Braydon.

ON READING VIRGIL

I dearly love my Virgil,
I think it is immense;
But if you'd only buy it,
I'd sell it for ten cents.

And if you'd only buy it,
I am sure you would find joy
In reading of the wanderings
Of the lovely Trojan boy;

Of how the army entered Troy
Inside a great big horse;
And how the snakes twined round the boys
And ate them up, of course.

Of how the Trojans, overwhelmed,
Ran far away, to hide;
And how the Greeks went wild with joy,
And burned Troy far and wide.

How Troilus took his horse and rode
Far, far from war's alarms,
And hung onto his chariot
Although he'd lost his arms.

And how Aeneas lost his wife,
And of all his magic dole,
As through the wood and through the town
He with his father stole.

And how the Trojans now departed
From that sad and bloody war,
And o'er the seas their way then made
To Dido's friendly shore.

But now, dear reader, I am sure
With me you will agree,
That for my Virgil to receive
Ten cents, would wicked be.

Kathryn Eddy.
Thelma Thomas.

A SENIOR

A Senior ibat through the hall
Puellam visitare.
Videbat in her eyes and said
I love you, cura.

Prof. standing by his porta
Saw the duos there.
He went up to the puer
And took him by the hair.

Thelma Thomas.
Margaret Ramsey.

There is a young fellow called Yaffee,
All he likes to do is to laugh-ee,
But when he gets old
For a business, I'm told,
He's going to make ice-cream taffy.
A. C.

CLEVER REASONING!

I like my Latin and my math,
Ah oui, I like my French, beaucoup,
But History doth raise my wrath,
Girls never star in that, 'tis true.
My English, tho', I like the best;
A science I will always rue;
Why I prefer my English?—guess—
Because 'tis easiest to do.

Dorothy Dickinson.

AT THE CEMETERY

Solemn, dark, with weeds o'ergrown,
 Home of those the Grim Reaper had mown,
 Abode of the goblin, witch and ghost,
 A murderous, horrible, fearsome host;

Lo! from a corner there arose
 A shadow, black, dark and morose,
 And larger, bigger, still it grew,
 Afraid was I—till I heard it Moo!

Matilda Atiyeh.

BY A SENIOR

Is this a zero which I see before me,
 In red marks plainly seen?—Come, I'll erase thee.
 I rub thee hard, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal zero, sensible
 To erasure as to sight? or art thou but
 A vision of my mind, a false creation
 Proceeding from a dull and empty brain?
 I see thee yet, in sight as red
 As this, my flushed brow.
 Thou marshal'st me where I am going;
 And such a mark I'm always sure to get.

Merritt Braydon.

They tell us all this book will be
 Bare and blank, like Modred's shield
 Unless a pen we nobly wield
 And write a bit—and so you see
 That's why this little rhyme I write,—
 To help out—like a reg'lar knight.

Matilda Atiyeh.

Autographs

Emma G. Alexander
Le moine H. Candee
Marion Potter

Sports



THE SEASONS TO A FAN

When Fall rolls round with colored leaves, and freezes up the rivers, some people think of winter's snow, and put away their flivvers. But not so we, our fancy turns to ploughing up the mud. 'Tis Football time, we roll in dirt, with shocks and blows and blood. Then Winter comes, with wind and snow and folks look out at leafless trees, and curse the cold and long for Spring, to don once more their B. V. D's. Not so with us, we do not think of months of hibernation—'tis now the time for Basket Ball, our favorite recreation. And now at last the winter's o'er, and Spring is here, with mud and slush; the time when long-haired poets spout of hearts and flowers and other mush. But now we think of mighty "Babe," the crash of willow on the Ball. For other things we have no thought, 'tis Baseball season, best of all.

Harold Austin.

BASKET BALL—1920-21

The basket ball season of Glens Falls High School for 1920-21 is one that can be called successful, since sixteen out of twenty-two games ended with the G. F. H. S. at the big end of the score. This is a showing in athletics which upholds the standing of the school in all athletic circles.

Every one of the players deserves great credit, as this year marks the high school as having one of the fastest quintets in amateur basket ball in the State of New York. The type of playing and team work showed beyond a doubt the variety of ball which contains sportsmanship and ability in the game.

The only disappointment of the season was our failure to capture the championship of the E. N. Y. P. H. S. Major League and win the trophy given to the victor in the tournament for the championship of Eastern New York. However, this makes the fourth consecutive year that the Red and Black has entered the finals at Schenectady. It goes to show that there is good material in the Glens Falls High School and that a failure does not dampen our spirit and ambition to win.

One game that will long be remembered is the one with the Schenectady High School at Glens Falls. This contest demonstrated the caliber of the Red and Black at its best. It was no disgrace for any team to be beaten by the G. F. H. S. that night, as they played the game of the season, and each player was in perfect form. Another big surprise came when the second team beat the Union College Freshmen.

Mr. Fairman's efforts to produce a winning team for 1920-21 can not be commended too highly. His work was an important factor in forming a team of which Glens Falls is proud. Monty Chapman and Rudy Cashion have played their last game of basket ball for the G. F. H. S., but their names will long be mentioned with esteem by the students because of the quality of their playing. We are lucky to retain for another year Mac. Potter, Bennett Skane and Clifford Sprague, whose fighting spirit and head work have won many games. Dobler and Cote are promising material for next year and are men who can be depended on to do their best.

The support given by the student body, and their enthusiasm at the games, show that the spirit behind those who strive to bring honors to the good old Glens Falls High will never cease.

The scores for the year were as follows:

Excelsior	19	Glens Falls	36
Edison Drafting School	8	Glens Falls	40
Albany	20	Glens Falls	14
Granville	7	Glens Falls	95
Collegiates	38	Glens Falls	32
Collegiates	20	Glens Falls	34

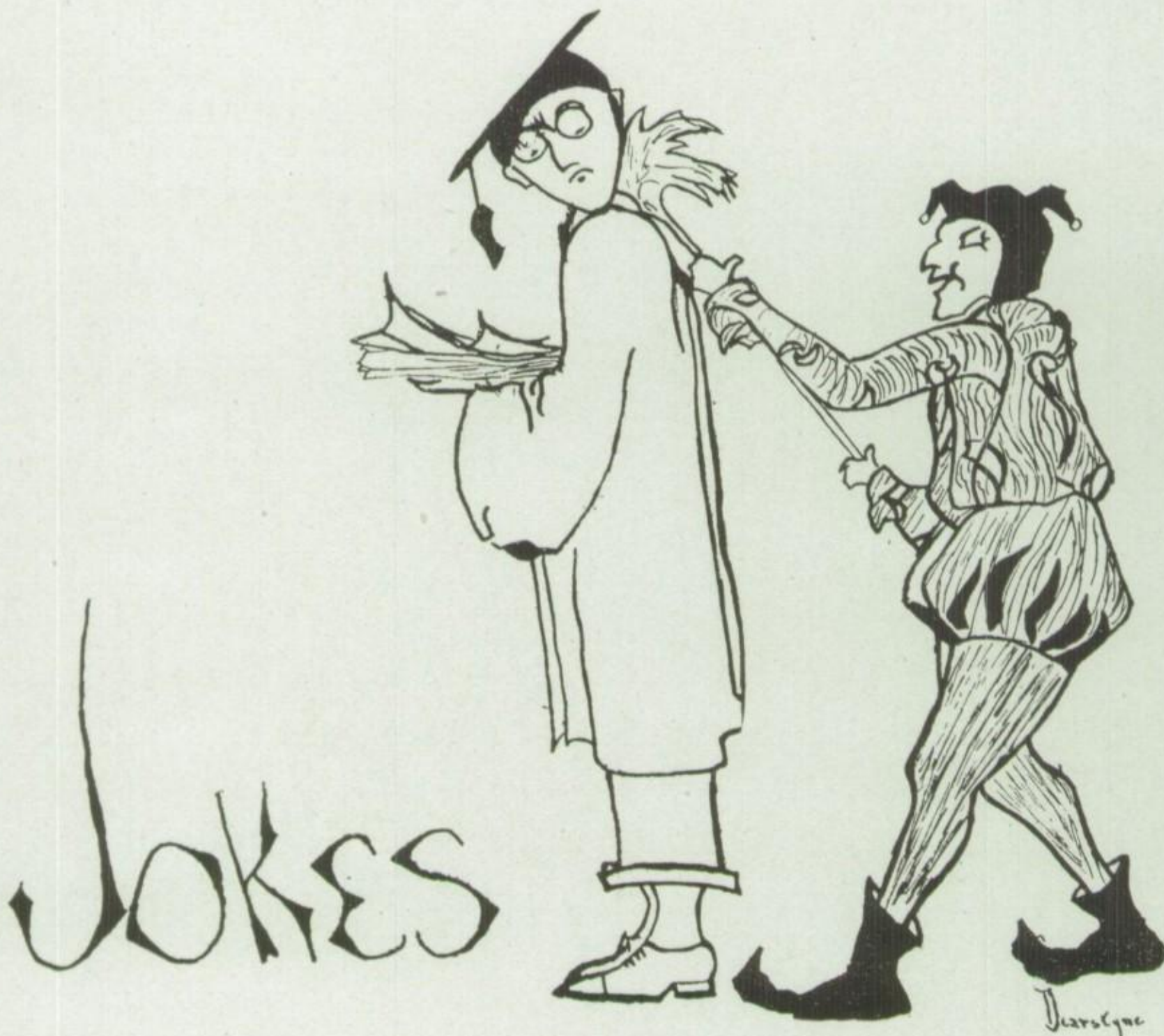
Alumni	25	Glens Falls	53
Saratoga	14	Glens Falls	23
Troy	9	Glens Falls	24
Gloversville	13	Glens Falls	21
Schenectady	23	Glens Falls	15
Troy	19	Glens Falls	54
Whitehall	14	Glens Falls	39
Albany	29	Glens Falls	35
Ballston	29	Glens Falls	23
Union Freshmen	18	Glens Falls	25
Gloversville	15	Glens Falls	19
Schenectady	19	Glens Falls	36
Albany	22	Glens Falls	17
Plattsburgh	26	Glens Falls	37
Academy	27	Glens Falls	34
Syracuse	31	Glens Falls	23

TRACK—1921

This year marks an intensive renewal of a branch of athletics in which the G. F. H. S. in the past has been most successful. The days of Kaulfuss, Farrell and Marcus are returning, and the prospects for a winning track team are bright. There is a great amount of enthusiasm shown by the candidates, who are working hard to attain for themselves and the school a degree of ability which will result in a victorious season.

May 14 will be the date for a Tri-county meet at the Washington County Fair Grounds, and May 21 marks the final and most important meet at Union College, Schenectady, where all the Public Schools of Eastern New York will be represented. The contest will prove to be an exciting one.

To Mr. Jenkins goes the credit for the revival of track. He is working unceasingly to form a team which will carry off the honors and bring more glory to good old Glens Falls High.



WE LACK A KINDERGARTEN!

Arthur Cowdery—Miss Partridge, does molasses come from trees?

Teacher (reseating Study Hall)—I'll interrupt you for a few minutes while I run up and down these aisles.

Mr. Fairchild—Miss Abbott, will you take Room U this period? You're the only vacant teacher.

Miss Sayre (in long, complex proof in Algebra)—And now we get $x = 0$.
Avery Allen (from rear of class)—Gee, all that work for nothing!

Here's to our parents and teachers—may they never meet!

IN FRENCH CLASS

Miss Irving—Mary, translate “I have a father.”

Mary (a Freshie)—Je suis un pere.

Mrs. Alexander (asking questions on Macbeth)—Discuss the witch scene.

Arthur Cowdery—Which witch scene is which?

THE SENIOR AGAIN

A Freshman hesitated on the word “Connoisseur.”

Teacher—What would you call a person that pretends to know everything?

Freshman—A Senior!

Miss Graves—Tell me all you know about the Alaskan forests, Barnum.

Barnum—I have.

Teacher (in Home Room)—I want you to come back to your room this noon and get into your desks.

Why not start a Regents Insurance Company?

IN CLASS

Miss Partridge—Name the greatest deed done by Gen. Sherman during the Civil War.

Silverman—He sent Lincoln the city of Savannah by telegram as a Christmas present.

Miss Sproat (in Biology Class)—Mr. Putnam, name an animal in which speech is a developed sense and greatly used.

Herbert Putnam—Woman.

IN ASSEMBLY

Mr. Fairchild—This community singing will do for you what I'm afraid it is too late to do for me; make you each a noble citizen.

IN HISTORY CLASS

Prof—Name some restrictions in immigration.

Austin—The Eighteenth Amendment.

Mrs. Alexander (in English IV)—Montgomery, what is Washington's Farewell Address?

Monty (absently)—Heaven, I guess.

Prof. (in History)—What is the great Labor Question?

Russell—"Is it five o'clock yet?"

Culver—What do you think of my new shoes?

She—Immense!

Freshie—What does x mean?

Sophie—xplained

IN STUDY HALL

First boy—Why, you boob, you're crazy.

Second boy—Say, you're the biggest fool around here.

Teacher (hearing rumpus in rear of room)—Boys, come, stop that noise, you forget I'm here.

A cunning little Freshie
Came a-walking down the street,
He stepped on a banana
And on high appeared his feet.

The class in English literature was reciting.

"For what was Ben Jonson noted?"

"He was the first Englishman to drop his h's, replied the boy at the foot of the class.

Ex.

THE FRESHMAN

When you have worked all week
 And taken about 'steen exams,
 And you are a Freshman
 And can't know your marks,
 And all the Seniors strut around the halls
 And have their marks posted every day,
 And then it comes Saturday
 At 9 A. M.
 And you go down to school
 With a queer feelin' inside you,
 And you see your name on the lists
 With a little 90% attached,
 "Oh, boy! Ain't it a gra-a-a-n-d and glo-or-ious feelin'!"

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a Freshman.

Shun Him!

He who knows not and knows that he knows not is a Sophomore.

Teach Him!

He who knows and knows not that he knows is a Junior.

Wake Him!

He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior.

Follow Him!

Ex.

HORRORS!

Suddenly a great fear seized me. A shiver ran down my spine leaving me weak and limp. I knew that somewhere out in the vast, illimitable space, numberless eyes were fastened upon me, eyes as bright and piercing as knife points. The earth seemed to tremble beneath my feet.

It was Oral English day.



THE SENIOR DANCE



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OF VENICE.



THE MINSTREL SHOW
WAS A "HOWLING" SUCCESS.



THE FUTURE PROF.



ASSEMBLY

Arthur Hull.
1924
C.



"AND I LEARNED ABOUT
WOMEN FROM 'ER"

THE ELEVEN GREATEST PESTS AROUND SCHOOL

1. The fellow who keeps talking about "the only girl."
2. The guy that leaves his gum all over my desk.
3. The Frosh with the squeaky shoes who sits in the front of Room O.
4. The fellow who keeps talking about "the only girl."
5. The Senior who wastes so much note paper.
6. The donator of the Santa Claus stuff in the Iroquois.
7. The fellow who keeps talking about "the only girl."
8. The Stude who studies aloud in Study Hall.
9. The fellow who keeps talking about "the only girl."
10. The girl that tears up little papers and leaves them on my desk for me to throw away.
11. The fellow who keeps talking about "the only girl."

Merritt Braydon.

THE ORIGIN OF VERS LIBRE

Johnny wrote a poem
For the English class.
He couldn't write one,
But the English teacher, the czar of his
Destinies, had told him:
 "It must be done and you shall do it,
 If you don't you'll surely rue it."
And so he did it, and because
It was so bad there was no word
Bad enough to describe it,
She called it
 Vers Libre!

Simon Yaffee.

WE WONDER IF

Gert Wakely will ever reform.
Ralph Smith will ever grow fat.
Avery Allen will ever be serious.
Charlie Anderson will ever learn anything.
Bloom Russell will ever cease from taking vacations.
John McKernon will ever fall in love.
Estelle will ever fail to have a date.
Robert O'Connor will ever make a track man.
Monty Chapman will ever be able to sleep in a pup tent.
Puff Hall will ever make a ten second man.

CLASS STATISTICS

Flirt—Edna Everts	Vamp—Matilda Atiyeh
Nun—Estelle Dearstyne	Giantess—Mildred Fosbrook
Dwarf—Clendon Bush	Jazz Hound—Bob O'Connor
Fatty—Monty Chapman	Noise—Gertrude Morrison
Senior Dandy—Simon Yaffee	Silence—Merritt Braydon
Live Wire—Harold Lambertson	Student—Red Partridge
Faculty Pet—Bloom Russell	Life—Sara Broomell
Candy Kid—Rudy Cashion	Brilliancy—Kenneth Ellsworth
Saint—Ruth Bennett	Tiny—Bethenia McCreery
Angel—Genevieve Bazinet	

NAME	LOOKS	REALLY IS	PASTIME
"Monty" Chapman	Simple	Simpler	Golf (African)
"Red" Partridge	Wise	Foolish	Vacations
"Bloom" Russell	Saintly	A Terror	Tea Parties
"Rudy" Cashion	Intelligent	Dumb	Dreaming
Harold Austin	Bashful	A Heart-breaker	Blowing Bubbles
"Bob" O'Connor	Peppy	Lazy	Sleeping
Simon Yaffee	Harmless	Radical	Acting
Estelle Dearstyne	Wild	Wilder	Copying Theda Bara
Wilber Norris	Quiet	A Foghorn	Smoking
Gordon Barnum	Important	A Joke	Business Man
"Mid" Braydon	Insane	Harmless	Swimming
Helen Williams	Wild	A Quaker	Knitting
"Art" Cowdery	Studious	Studious	Studying
Mary Wilson	Alluring	A Butterfly	Breaking Hearts
John McKernon	Blank	Intelligent	Virgil
Matilda Atiyeh	Sedate	A Flirt	Dancing
Clendon Bush	Bored	Indifferent	School
"Sally" Broomell	Slow	A Whirlwind	"Steve" Brown
"Walt" Rosenberg	Learned	A Bluff	Tailoring
Rose Alter	Stoical	Emotional	Vamping
Loyal Gibbs	A Flirt	Not	Splitting Kindling
Avery Allen	Manly	Childish	Cowboy

THE CLASS OF '21

Through the dim hazy mist of the future,
Like the far distant shore out at sea,
So once to our hearts in the days gone by,
Commencement seemed to be.

Now our ship of knowledge has touched that shore,
And the great day is drawing nigh
When we will go out in this world alone,
Away from our Glens Falls High.

Life lies in its mystery before us,
Success is our one greatest aim
Some may not achieve all they hope for
And some may be lauded in fame.

But there's one name will ever grow dearer
As Time with his scythe passes by;
No gain and no loss can efface it,
The name of our dear Glens Falls High.

Kathryn Eddy.





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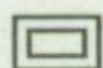
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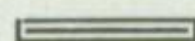


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THE CAPITAL CITY CIVIL SERVICE SCHOOL

ALBANY, N. Y.

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T**

Teacher—Mr. Austin, won't you try to be more quiet?

Harold—I have tried and will try again, but it is a very trying position to be placed in.

Father—My son, do you know the reason why I am going to whip you?

Boy—Yes, 'cause you're bigger than I am.

Ex.

Student (reading)—“The night wore on.”—What did it wear?

Other Student—Why, the close of day.

Ex.

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What's the use of calling Freshmen
names when a Senior becomes a Fresh-
man and a Freshman becomes a Senior?

ONE BY ONE

Freshman—Milk famine—not fed,
Starvation—he's dead.

Sophomore—Played basket ball—'nuf
said,

Neck broken—he's dead.

Junior— Fair one—hope fled,
Heart busted—he's dead.

Senior— Deep wisdom—swelled head,
Brain fever—he's dead.

Wise Senior—I passed Cicero to-day.
Freshman—Did he speak?

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All the Latest New York Styles

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Y. M. C. A. Bldg.

Fashion Hint—There will be little change in trousers, this year.
That's right, very little.

The duration of a man's friendship is one of the best measures of his worth.
Charles Darwin.

Those desirous to heare what they need not, commonly be readye to babble
what they should not.

Roger Ascham.

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Business
College**

It prepares you thoroughly
and places you satisfactorily.
Ask for details. Call to see
us.

WARREN & ADERHOLD,
Principals.

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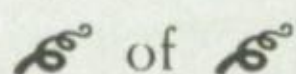
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All are not hunters that blow the horn.

The Oracle.

Teacher (showing a slide of a bluebird)—The bluebird has a blue cap, blue coat
and fine underclothes.

Smart Pupil—B. V. D's ?

Ex.

Life is just one darn thing after another

Love is two darn things after each other.

Ex.

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"That's where I shine," said the Senior as he prepared to press the trousers of his blue serge suit.

The Oracle.

There was a boy in our school,
And he was most unwise;
He introduced his sweetheart
To a lot of other guys.

Ex.

THE COFFEE SHOP

WILL REOPEN IN

THE RIALTO BLOCK

ABOUT JUNE FIRST

With the

Same delicious Ice Cream and Light Lunches served in the finest
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Of Course
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And your lessons are all right,
Who calls on you to recite?
Nobody!

Ex.

Bea.—That scar on your head must bother you, doesn't it?

Nan—Oh, no indeed; it's next to nothing.

Syracuse Recorder.

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if you hot foot it to
our store and be sure
and pick out a
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Or a Dobbs Hat or Cap—
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And what use is Biology?
What good are Greek and Science—
When these won't lead to power?
Why worry over History
Or any other mystery
When window-washers for their art
Are paid one buck per hour?

Ex.

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Fresh Strawberry Sundae with Whipped Cream

Sliced Peach Sundae with Whipped Cream

Maple Nut Sundae

CANDIES

Louis Sherry

Tiffins

Assorted Chocolates

FLINT'S DRUG STORE

8 WARREN STREET

While boating on the lake one night,
I saw the ocean's arm,
Steal gently round a neck of land
To keep its shoulder warm—
This made me jealous as could be,
It really made me sore,
And so I paddled toward the land,
And closely hugged the shore.

Ex.

Little drops of acid,
Little chunks of zinc,
Put into a test tube,
Make an awful—odor.

Volcano.

I call my sweetheart Keyhole because
he is something to adore.

Volcano.

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